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LOST IN LONDON.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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"LOST IN LONDON."

A frequent and touching experience of Londoners, who walk much about the streets, in populous neighborhoods, says a London paper, is that of meeting a little child who has lost its way, having either strayed too far from the parents' home or escaped from the care of an older person with whom it has come out. Even a mother will sometimes relax her vigilance while bargaining in a shop or gossipping with a neighbor, and will unwarily let the infant slip out of her sight, to be hustled along by the crowd of passengers, and to drift round street corners in any direction. After five minutes, pursuit will become almost impossible, unless the child has been observed and watched from the first, by someone going the same way; and it is some time before the innocent vagrant, ceasing to be amused by the people and by the carriages and horses, stops to consider its situation. Then, indeed, it never dares to speak to any stranger and to ask for help, but stands and cries, a figure of piteous desolation, till three or four women and children listen to the wailing lament, and begin gently to ask questions, which receive no intelligible answer. What can a lady make of it, who comes from her shopping in Tottenham court-road, and immediately finds a little girl of three years, wandering up and down there, utterly forlorn, unable to give any report of her family beyond "Mammy" and "Sissy," or to describe the street, or alley, or the court where they dwell. "Back o' Fishney's" was all the account of the home locality that could be got from one rather precocious urchin, who was met in Camden Town, nearly a mile and a half away from where his parents lived in Seven Dials, and who owned for himself no other name than "Billy." In such cases, there is but one thing to be done, and that is to call the nearest policeman, who will have great pleasure in taking the child into custody, and leading him to the police-station. It is an agreeable relief from the monotony of the policeman's ordinary beat, and the sergeant and others on duty at the station will be equally pleased, the former being, in all likelihood, a family man, with little boys and girls of his own. A cup of coffee and bread-and-butter or cake will soon be provided, with a low seat near the fireside; while messages will be sent within two hours, communicating the fact to every police-station in the adjacent districts, at which the child's friends are expected to make inquiries. It may be late at night, or not until next morning, that the mother or the father comes to assert their parental claim, and to recover their lost offspring; but there is no fear of any other than kind and tender treatment while in charge of those good fellows of the Metropolitan Police.

LIKE A WOMAN.

Kate was tying up a bundle to go by express. "That's right," said Ned, who stood by; "tie a granny knot. Just like a woman!"

The parcel was not scientifically made up, but Katie had done her best, and her face flushed, as much with temper as exertion.

"I hope it is just like a woman!" she said, indignantly. "Perhaps if you were as polite as some women I know, you would have tied it up for me, instead of making fun!"

Ned had the grace to be ashamed, and so should every boy be who sneeringly uses that phrase. Women, being human, do have their weak points, and even traits which cordially invite ridicule, but he is an unchivalrous knight who calls attention to such blemishes. In doing so, however, he usually succeeds chiefly in advertising the shallowness of his own nature.

A man was once airing, at a boarding-house table, a series of floridly rhetorical innuendoes against women. Several gentlemen present attempted to put in a remonstrating word, and the ladies who did not leave the table sat indignantly regarding the speaker.

When he at length came to a pause, a lovely matron leaned forward and said, in a clear, distinct voice, "Mr. Blank, I am very sorry for you."

"Why, madam, why?"

"For your social position. From what you have said, one cannot fail to see that you associate only with the very lowest class of women."

If a man despise women, he will do well to look closely into his own heart, to see if it be undefiled; but if it still prove impossible for him to honor them, let him cover his sneers as he would spots of leprosy, for he may be sure the good and great will pass scathing judgment upon them.

"Just like a woman!" Like Florence Nightingale, Mary Somerville, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Frances Power Cobbe, and Mary Lyon!

Truly, the list, even when no farther extended, is a goodly one, and we might well relinquish all earthly advantages to be included in it. But there is even a greater comparison: construe the phrase to mean, "Just like our own mothers," and even the most shallow must cease to scoff.—*Youth's Companion.*

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.

There has come to *St. Nicholas* a letter helpfully suggestive with hints in a good cause, which ought to reach as many girls as possible.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to tell you of a society which I and some of my schoolmates joined last winter, and which, I think many girls would like to join if they knew about it. It is called "The King's Daughters," and the object is to help one's self and others to correct faults or to do kindnesses. It is a society of tens, every ten forming a Chapter. Each Chapter has a president, who conducts the meetings, and any member can start another Chapter.

Each Chapter selects its own object, and meets at specified times to consult and report its progress. For instance, we decided in ours that we would try not to say disagreeable things about people; and when we met, we would read whatever we thought would help us to correct this fault, and if any one had any suggestions to make about the management of the tens, she made it then. A Chapter often has a secretary and treasurer, if its object requires such officers. After a while, if the tens wish, they can break up and form new ones. The motto of the Society is, "In His Name," and there is a badge of narrow purple ribbon and a small silver cross engraved with I. H. N.

The Society started in New York, where I live, and I should be very glad to tell any of your girls more about it, if they care to hear.—Your faithful reader, C. C. Stimson.

THE INSIDE TRACK.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Fifty years ago the average Sunday-school teacher had no feeling of responsibility beyond being punctual, coaxing his scholars to be punctual, keeping them if possible in decent order, and then with ponderous "question-book" between himself and his class "going through the lesson."

Now all this has changed. Thanks to the conventions and associations and lesson helps and hints and teachers' papers of a high order of merit and a low rate of charge, the great rank and file of Sunday-school teachers know their duty better than of old. Now even the "average" teacher feels that his responsibility begins at daylight Sunday morning and rests upon him till bedtime Saturday night; that his work is next in importance to that of pastor and parent, and that every gift and grace, every acquisition of knowledge he can possess himself of, must be used for the good of his little "congregation."

Let me suggest to any one who may not have thought of it that a keen interest in and oversight of your scholars' week-day reading is of prime importance to your influence. Of course the Sunday-school books you put in their hands have gone through several sifting processes. They are published by church firms, or under religious supervision, and even then are not selected until a committee of your associates in the Sunday-school have read and approved of them; finally, you give as much time as you can to choosing out of this selected selection such as will best suit your scholars.

But alas! what avails it, if, after they have gulped down the Sunday-school book in a single idle Sunday afternoon, these restless young minds feed for the remaining six days upon dime novels? Now what can you do? Not inveigh against their beloved stories, for they will not heed; not recommend "Rise and Progress" and "Saints' Rest," precious as those dear old books are, for they will not read them; but keep a list of sweet, pure stories in your note-book, resolutely adding to this list week after week. Then quote from your selected books, talk about the characters in them, say, "This reminds me of a girl in 'Real Folks' who," etc., and, "Don't you remember that picnic in 'A Little Country Girl'?" and so forth.

Up to this point my advice is easy to take; but here comes the rub. How are your scholars to get hold of these books? The devil's literature is dirt cheap and is everywhere thrust under their noses; also there are religious publications made cheap to meet this very need; but the books you want—wholesome, pure, and entertaining works, books of travel and science made easy—have not, as far as I know, been published in any of the paper-back forms. What then? Well, if you have no circulating library near you, I do not see what you can do but to obtain one. You may be able to start a public one among the citizens or a semi-private one among your friends or a wholly private one in some closet of your own. If this last is your only resource, I would suggest that any city friend would buy such books for you at trifling cost from second-hand bookstores, that others would give them to you after their children have read them, that a card in your church paper would bring you books and a quantity of story papers week by week from families glad of a chance to use their periodicals in such a good cause.

You will think of many more ways of accomplishing your object, if only you are thoroughly determined.—*American Messenger.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON II.—APRIL 8.

CHRIST'S LAST WARNING.—Matt. 23: 27-39.

Commit Verses 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Ps. 51: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Hypocrisy is a most deadly sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 22: 15; 46.
T. Matt. 23: 1-26.
W. Matt. 23: 27-39.
Th. Luke 11: 37-54.
F. Mark 12: 38-44.
Sa. Luke 14: 22-35.
Su. Matt. 7: 15-29.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

27. *Woe unto*: a statement of fact, not a wish. *Hypocrites*: those who are one thing and appear another. *Whited sepulchres*: the entrances to tombs and the stones marking graves were whitewashed so that no one need accidentally touch them, especially near the Passover; for to touch a tomb inflicted seven days' uncleanness (Num. 19: 16). 29. *Build the tombs of the prophets*: thus avowing that they admired and honored their principles, and therefore condemned the acts of those who martyred them. 31. *Wherefore be ye witnesses*, etc.: because at the same time they were plotting to kill Jesus, the prophet of God. 32. *Fill ye up the measure*: of the guilt of the nation, so that the hour of punishment had come. 33. *Generation*: offspring. *Of vipers*: deceitful, venomous, deadly; like their father the old serpent, the devil. 34. *Send prophets*: the ancient prophets, Elijah, Isaiah, Daniel, etc.; and John the Baptist, Jesus the apostles. 35. *That upon you may come*: the final punishment, the destruction of Jerusalem and the nation took place about forty years after this. *Abel*: Gen. 4: 8-12. *Zacharias*: see the account in 2 Chron. 24: 20-22. 38. *Your house* (the temple) *is left unto you desolate*: Jesus left the temple, and God was no longer abiding there to defend it. 39. *Till ye shall say*: till you repent and receive Jesus as your Messiah.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—What is the subject of this lesson? When was it spoken? In what place? What was our last lesson about? What are some of the things Jesus did and said between the last lesson and this?

SUBJECT: WARNINGS AND LAMENTATIONS.

I. Warning against Hypocrisy of Heart (vs. 27, 28).—Who were the scribes and Pharisees? What did Jesus call them? What is a hypocrite? When Jesus said, "Woe unto you!" did he utter a wish or state a fact? To what did Jesus liken the scribes and Pharisees? Why were sepulchres whitened by the Jews? Show how a hypocrite is like such a sepulchre? To what other things are hypocrites compared in the Bible? (Luke 11: 44; Acts 23: 3; Prov. 26: 23; Matt. 7: 15; 13: 38; 1 Pet. 2: 16.) In what directions are we in danger of hypocrisy?—as in saying prayers, professing religion without its reality, forms of religion, ostentatious doing good.

II. Warning against Hypocrisy of Life (vs. 29-33).—How did the Jews show their hypocrisy? What was their object in building the tombs of the prophets? (v. 30.) How did they show that this was hypocrisy? (Matt. 21: 45, 46; 23: 15; 27: 20; Acts 7: 58.) What did Jesus say of the nature of the Jewish leaders? (v. 33). In what respects is a hypocritical bad man like a serpent?

III. God's Desire to Save Men from Sin (vs. 34, 37).—Whom had God sent to warn them? Name some of them. Did this show that God wanted them to repent and be saved? What lamentation did Jesus make over Jerusalem? What would he have done for it, as represented by a hen gathering her chickens under her wing? How has God shown us that he earnestly desires our salvation? Repeat some Scripture texts. (John 3: 14-17; Isa. 55: 1, 7; Ezek. 18: 32; Mark 16: 15; Luke 19: 10; John 1: 7.)

IV. The Destruction of Those who Reject Christ (vs. 31-39).—How did the Jews treat those sent to warn them? What punishment came upon them as a nation? Did it come upon that generation? What will become of those who refuse to repent and believe in Jesus? Is there any way to escape except by repentance and faith?

LESSON III.—APRIL 15.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.—Matt. 24: 42-51.

Commit Verses 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch. Mark 13: 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The need of watchfulness, and the danger of neglect.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 24: 1-22.
T. Matt. 24: 23-41.
W. Matt. 24: 42-51.
Th. Mark 13: 33-37.
F. Luke 12: 35-48.
Sa. Luke 21: 1-19.
Su. Luke 21: 20-36.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

42. *Watch*: keep awake, be on guard, be prepared by being as faithful as if the Lord were continually present. *Your Lord doth come*: (1) Jesus came in that generation (v. 34) by the destruction of Jerusalem. (2) He will come by the complete triumph of his kingdom. (3) He will come in the day of judgment. (4) He practically comes to us at death; and in every great crisis of our life. 43. *In what watch*: the Jews at this time followed the Romans in dividing the night from sunset to sunrise into four watches. *Broken up*: broken into. 45. *Meat*: food. 46. *So doing*: attending faithfully to his duties. 47. *Ruler over all his goods*: before he was on trial while his master was absent; now he is made permanent steward or manager. The way to larger fields is through faithfulness in the smaller. 49. *Smite*: beat, abuse, tyrannize over. *Fellow servants*: especially the good ones who wish to be faithful. *Eat and drink with the drunken*: both with the other servants, and with revellers from without; all at his master's expense. 51. *Cut him asunder*: in two; a terrible form of death in former times. *His portion with the hypocrites*: because he was a hypocrite—one thing in his master's presence, another in his absence; pretending to serve his master, really serving himself.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—In our last lesson to whom did Jesus speak? In what place? What incident followed? (Mark 12: 41-44.) What did Jesus say about the temple as he was leaving it forever? (Matt. 24: 1, 2.) Where did he and his disciples then go? (24: 3.) What questions did the disciples ask? Give some of the things in Jesus' answer.

SUBJECT: CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

I. Watch (v. 42).—What is it to watch? For what things are we to watch? Against what things should we watch? What are some of the things which tend to make us careless and sleeping spiritually? What things help us to keep awake and watchful?

II. Watch: Because Christ is coming Unexpectedly (vs. 42-44).—What illustration does Jesus use? What is meant by his coming? Is the coming certain? What is uncertain about it? How does the fact that we do not know when he is coming help us to be watchful and faithful? Repeat some Scripture exhortations about watching. (1 Pet. 4: 7; 5: 8; Rev. 3: 3; 16: 15; 1 Cor. 10: 12; 16: 13; Rom. 13: 11; 1 Thess. 5: 4, 6; Heb. 2: 1; 12: 15.) Why is so much said in the Bible about watching?

III. Watch: by Faithful Performances of Duty (vs. 45-47).—Relate the parable in these verses. What was the steward's duty while his master was gone? What would be watchfulness in this case? Do we watch for the Lord by faithfully doing his will? What was the reward of the faithful servant? What is our reward for faithfulness? (1 Cor. 3: 21-23; Matt. 25: 23, 34.)

IV. Watch: for Destruction Follows Neglect (vs. 48-51).—How would a wicked servant act? What two kinds of sin are mentioned here? Are they apt to go together? How was the wicked servant found out? What was his punishment? Why was he placed with hypocrites? What should this warning lead us to do?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1888.)

1. Apr. 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. 22: 1-14.
2. **Apr. 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. 23: 27-39.**
3. **Apr. 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. 24: 42-51.**
4. Apr. 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25: 1-13.
5. Apr. 29.—The Talents.—Matt. 25: 14: 30.
6. May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. 25: 31-46.
7. May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26: 17-30.
8. May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26: 36-46.
9. May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. 26: 67-75.
10. June 3.—Jesus Crucified.—Matt. 27: 33: 50.
11. June 10.—Jesus Risen.—Matt. 28: 1-15.
12. June 17.—The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 16-20.
13. Review. Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 1-13, and Missions.

Question Corner.—No. 6.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

19. What five kings of Assyria invaded Palestine; and give the name of the king either of Judah or Israel who suffered from each invasion?

20. (a) What mountain in Palestine is intimately associated with two prophets? (b) Who were the prophets, and what were the circumstances?

21. On what occasion do we read of a lump of solid metal floating upon water?

22. What kind of clothing were the Israelites forbidden to wear?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"DAY BY DAY."

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

"The days are all alike," she said;
"The glory of my life is dead;
Hope and ambition far are fled—
And I live on in vain.

Others have reached the leaves of fame,
Others have won undying name;
My shadowed hours are still the same—
What comfort doth remain?

Oh, Lord! I dreamed to bring to Thee
Some noble spoils of victory—
Some harvest-sheaves, Thine own to be—
But, Lord, Thou knowest all!

To clothe—to feed—to satisfy
The household-need; the children's cry
Doth fill the moments as they fly:
My sheaves are poor and small.

So full the claims of every day
I scarce can creep to Thee, and pray:
Oh, lead me in some brighter way,
To glorify Thy name."

Then spake the Master, "Thankful be,
My child! that God hath honored thee,
The richest crown of life to see,
That prayers and hopes can claim.

Glory thou cravest—and instead
I gave thee children to be fed,
These tender lives that look for bread
Unto the mother-hand.

Joy did'st thou seek—I heard thy prayer:
I sent thee infant faces fair,
And rosy lips and sunny hair—
A blessed, sinless band.

'Glory to God' was still thy plea—
Patience of Christ they brought from Me—
These babes that God shall ask of thee,
Within the resting-hand."

—The Mother's Companion.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

New dishes, glass, and cutlery need thorough washing. If all new crockery is put over the stove in a large boiler full of cold water, and heated to the boiling-point and then allowed to cool in the water, it will not be so likely to break or check subsequently from heat. A wooden tub is better for washing delicate china and glass than a metal pan, but it should be scalded with clean boiling water after it is used. All dishcloths and towels should be scalded every day, and dried in the sun if possible, but at all events in the open air. Table-linen does not need to be boiled every time it is washed, but it should be scalded; a little borax dissolved in the wash water will thoroughly cleanse the cloth without injury. Borax, ammonia, or a little washing soda, dissolved in the hot water used for washing silver, will keep it looking bright, especially if after it is wiped it is rubbed with soft chamois. The polish imparted by scouring powders and soaps is really a removal by friction of a minute surface of the silver or electro-plate. The chamois can be washed as often as necessary in warm water in which enough soap is dissolved to make a lather; rub the chamois well in this water, applying more soap to discolored portions, then rinse it through several waters, lukewarm, and hang it to dry without wringing it. Several times, while it is drying, shake it and stretch it by pulling.

New metal utensils should be put over the fire, with a little washing soda dissolved in the water with which they are filled, and thoroughly scalded before they are used the first time for cooking. If they are always filled with water and set where it will keep warm, directly after they are used, they can be cleaned readily when they are washed. A little powdered brick-dust or ashes, sifted very fine, or some scouring soap upon the dishcloth, will clean them as part of the operation of washing them. If salt and vinegar are used in scouring coppers, they will tarnish again quickly; they should be carefully washed off if they are used, to prevent the formation of verdigris. Utensils which have become discolored by lack of use, or coated with any substance from carelessness, can be easily scoured if they are first boiled for a few moments in plenty of water containing washing soda. The networks of iron or steel links which are sold for cleaning kettles are useful where there is no tin or porcelain lining; they will rub off the coating of rust on iron pots, and burnish the surface which has been roughened by the action of the rust.

A lump of soda laid upon the drain down which waste water passes will prevent the clogging of the pipe with grease, especially if the pipe is flooded every day with boiling water. All sinks and drains can be kept in a perfectly sanitary condition if they are flushed two or three times a week with scalding-hot copperas water. This is made by putting several pounds of copperas in a barrel or tub, and keeping it filled with water. There should always be some undissolved copperas on the bottom; the water can easily be heated before it is used.

As the copperas water is an odorless disinfectant, servants are generally willing to use it for their own sake when it is provided; it is quite inexpensive. If the kitchen is in the basement, light-colored or white walls reflect the light; if the stove is set in a dark corner, and is movable, it should be brought to the light, even at the expense of extra pipe; if there is a fixed range, some means for lighting it should be devised. It should be remembered in this connection that the vapor of gas from kerosene, which fills that space in a lamp unoccupied by oil, is both inflammable and explosive, and therefore a shelf over a stove or fireplace is not the safest spot for a lamp. Many persons may say that they have always kept their lamps there without any accident, but that does not obviate the danger any more than the fact does that people given to lighting fires with the aid of kerosene do not always get blown up the first time they do it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Oil-cloths should not be scrubbed or soaped; wipe them first with a damp cloth, and then with a dry one; occasionally a little milk and water may be used to brighten them, and if the pattern is worn off while the cloth is still good, they can be painted like a wooden floor. If the floor is bare, it can be kept spotless by regular scrubbing with soap and sand, or water containing borax or a little soda; if bad spots necessitate the use of lye, apply it with a brush, and remember while rinsing it off that its caustic action will injure the hands unless it is washed from them at once. Tables, pastry boards, slop-pails, and the other wooden articles used in the kitchen should be cleaned frequently with hot water; meat boards are best cleaned by scraping off the surface roughened by chopping. Japanned bread and cake boxes and trays are best cleaned by washing with warm water, and after they are dry, polishing them with dry flour and a soft cloth.

The stove should be kept free from any spilled particles of food or grease from boiling or frying. If any falls upon it, a cloth dipped in hot water containing a little borax or washing soda should at once be used to wipe it off. Blacken the stove when it is cool, using any good polish moistened with cold water or vinegar, and then polish it with a brush. If there are steel fittings, polish them with a burnisher or with emery cloth, which can be bought in small sheets at the hardware stores. Always clean the stove from ashes and cinders before making the fire, and take care that the water tank is filled, and the flues and top of the ovens free from soot and ashes. All the cinders should be sifted from the ashes and used again; they facilitate the lighting of the fire. This is not a difficult matter if the draught is good. First in the empty grate place shavings or bits of paper loosely crumpled together, then small sticks crosswise, and larger ones on them, and finally cinders or small pieces of coal. Have all the covers of the stove on, and the draughts open, and light the fire from the bottom. When the lighter fuel burns brighter, add more coal, until the volume of heat desired is obtained. A wood fire is much easier to light, but requires to be replenished more frequently than one of coal. Hard wood burns longer than soft.

The best result from coal as a fuel is obtained when the fire is of moderate size, replenished often enough to keep up a steady but not excessive heat. It is a mistake to choke the stove with coal. The heat of the fire can be maintained at an equal point if the fuel is supplied in small quantities often enough to give a clear bright fire. If possible, add the fuel through the side or front door of the stove. Removing the covers cools the top of the stove, and so interferes with cooking. Do not remove the covers if it can be avoided; it cools the oven as well as the top. Try to have the lower part of the fire clear enough to broil by; if this is impossible, do not try to broil while anything is being baked that requires high, steady heat. In some houses there is a broiler, heated by charcoal, separate from the stove.

When saucepans are flat on the bottom it is not necessary to remove the stove covers as for the old-fashioned pots. Ovens will not bake well unless the flues and bottom are clean. When an oven burns on the bottom, cover it half an inch deep with clean sand; if it burns on the top, put a layer of sand or ashes over it. Sometimes the fire will not burn readily at first, because the air in the chimney is cold; in that case, burn a quantity of paper or shavings before trying to light the other fuel.

Finally, if there are no poultry, pigs, or cows to use the refuse of food, burn it at the back of the fire, with all the draughts open and the covers tightly closed, at some time of the day when there is no cooking in progress. The solid portions can usually be kept separate from the slops; tea leaves and coffee grounds can easily be drained. Above all, never allow slops or garbage to remain in the kitchen until they become offensive.—*Juliet Corson.*

WHAT A WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik had the following suggestions in one of her articles on woman's responsibilities in money matters: Very few men have the time or the patience to make a shilling go as far as it can; but women have. Especially a woman whose one thought is to save her husband from having burdens greater than he can bear; to help him by that quiet carefulness in money matters which alone gives an easy mind and a real enjoyment of life; to take care of the pennies—in short, that he may have the pounds free for all his lawful needs, and lawful pleasures, too.

Surely there can be no sharper pang to a loving wife than to see her husband staggering under the weight of family life, worked almost to death in order to "dodge the wolf at the door," joyless in the present, terrified at the future; and yet all this might have been averted if the wife had only known the value and use of money, and been able to keep what her husband earned, "to cut her coat according to her cloth," for any income is "limited," unless you can teach yourself to live within it, to "waste not," and therefore to "want not." But this is not always the woman's fault. Men insist blindly on a style of living which their means will not allow; and many a wife has been cruelly blamed for living at a rate of expenditure unwarranted by her husband's means, and which his pecuniary condition made absolutely dishonest had she known it. But she did not know it, he being too careless or too cowardly to tell; and she had not the sense to inquire or find out.

Every mistress of a household, especially every mother, ought to know what the family income is and where it comes from, and thereby prevent all needless extravagance. Half the miserable or disgraceful bankruptcies never would happen if the wives had the sense and courage to stand firm and insist on knowing enough about the family income to expend it proportionately; to restrain, as every wife should, a too lavish husband, or, failing in that, to deny herself all luxuries which she cannot righteously afford. Above all, to bring up her children in tender carefulness that refuses to mulct "the governor" out of one unnecessary half-penny, or to waste the money he works so hard for in their thoughtless amusement.

RECIPES.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Two cups of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a dash of cayenne. Beat the yolks until light, add them to the potatoes, and then add all the other ingredients; mix and turn into a small saucepan; stir over the fire until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan, take from the fire, and, when cool, form into cylinders. Roll first in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. This will make twelve croquettes.

CAROLINA PILLAU.—Boil a piece of corned pork weighing from five to six pounds. When cooked tender, take it out of the pot and set it aside. Wash a pint of rice and boil it in the water from which the pork has just been removed, after thoroughly skimming off the grease that will rise to its surface. When the rice is nearly done, warm the pork and place it in the centre of a flat china meat dish. As soon as the rice is done, heap it all around the pork, and serve hot.

IN THE KITCHEN.

The *Cottage Hearth* furnishes us with the following recipes:

BAKED APPLES.—Take a dozen or more juicy Baldwins, wipe and core, put into a tin baking-pan and fill the cavities with sugar; take a tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour, rub together until smooth; to this pour boiling water till there is enough to just cover the apples, grate nutmeg over the whole, and bake in a slow oven an hour or more. Nice for dessert.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Stew apples with the grated rind of a lemon added until they are soft, rub them through a sieve, and to three cups of strained apples add nearly two cups of sugar. When cold, beat five eggs very light, and stir alternately into a quart of milk with the apples; pour into a pudding dish and bake. To be eaten cold.

GERMAN NATIONAL CAKE.—Stollen, the famous German cake. Four pounds flour, a pound and three-quarters of butter, a pound and a half of pulverized loaf sugar, half a pound of sweet and quarter of bitter almonds, both of which should be blanched; six ounces of citron, four eggs well-beaten, a pound of raisins, a pound of currants, warm a quart of milk, add one cake of yeast, and turn into the flour. The sponge is set the same as for bread, and the butter and other ingredients are worked in after it has risen. When Bismarck had his interview with Napoleon, at Biaritz, he treated the emperor to a huge stollen as a national cake. Napoleon pronounced it delicious, and requested that Bismarck's cook should give his the recipe.

HOMINY CAKES.—Cold hominy left from breakfast one morning, may be utilized the next in cakes. Mix with cold hominy an equal quantity of wheat flour until perfectly smooth; add a teaspoonful of salt, and thin off with buttermilk, into part of which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; when of the consistency of corn cakes, add a dessertspoonful of melted butter, and bake as usual.

HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES.—If desired, cold hominy can be made into griddle cakes. To one quart of sweet milk put two cups of boiled hominy, two eggs, beaten a little; throw in a sprinkling of salt, and thicken with wheat flour, having first sifted in a dessertspoonful of baking-powder. If the hominy be cold, warm the milk, and rub the hominy into it before putting in the flour.

RIBBON CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-third cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Add to one-third of the mixture one cup of raisins stoned and chopped, one-half cup of citron cut fine, one-half cup of currants, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spice, one-half cup of molasses and the same of flour. Bake in three tins of the same size, and put together with jelly, frosting, or the white of an egg between the layers.

PUZZLES—No. 7.

(A Group of Original Puzzles.)

CHARADE.

Are you able, my fourth, to discover?
Read my first and second as you go:
That my third just as plainly doth hover
Before you I think I could show.
These parts are before you, place each as it should be
A word used when things arranged again could be.

ALLIE.

ENIGMA.

My first is in Henry but not in Sam,
My second is in oyster, but not in clam,
My third is in drum but not in flute,
My fourth is in shoe but not in boot,
My fifth is in eagle but not in hawk,
My sixth is in stroll but not in walk,
My seventh is in horse but not in mare,
My eighth is in look but not in stare,
My ninth is in stable but not in stalls,
My whole is a part of Niagara Falls.

A. E. COOK.

A EUROPEAN RIVER.

1st in vine not in grape,
2nd in monkey not in ape,
3rd in lady not in gent,
4th in go not in went,
5th in dollar not in cent,
Whole is a river in Europe.

ALEX. F. GRAY.

My first is angry,
My second an article,
My third something that gives light,
My fourth is a vehicle,
My whole is the name of a large island.

JENNIE G. BRACKEN.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters,
My 1, 7, 3, 10, 4, is a particle of fire,
My 2, 9, 10, 11 is a species of rabbit,
My 6, 5, 8, 4, is to look for,
My whole is the name of a well known poet.

RODDIE MCLEOD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 6.

A DANGEROUS ENEMY.—*Temptation.*

BEHEADINGS.—1. Dear-ear; 2. Bond-and; 3. Pear-ear; 4. Wheel-heel; 5. Butter-utter; 6. Phebe-hebe; 7. Shoe-hoe.

AN EXAMPLE IN ADDITION.—Twe(lve, twe)nty—20.

A BOUQUET.—1. Catch-fly. 2. Lady's slipper. 3. Hemlock. 4. Speed-well. 5. Buttercup. 6. Cowslip. 7. Solomon's seal. 8. Henbane. 9. Snapdragon. 10. Nightshade. 11. Blood-root. 12. Fox-glove.

A CHARADE FOR THE BOYS.—Dove-tail.

Would our puzzlers rather have four weeks instead of two in which to find and send their answers? If so let us know.

ED. NORTHERN MESSENGER.

The Family Circle.

EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Go back, my soul, to the sorrowful day
When they led thy Lord to be crucified;
Follow him over the stony way,
By hate betrayed and by love denied;
List, through the silence of ages gone,
To the tears that dropped in that desolate dawn.

When the sacred robe had a deeper dye
From the blood that streamed at the lictor's stroke,
When the angels leaned from the frowning sky,
Ere the clouds with their fatal lightnings broke;
Go back, my soul, o'er the vanished years,
List to the ring of the Roman spears.

For Jew and Roman together stood
On the awesome mount where the nails were driven
Deep to the heart of the shrinking wood,
Through His hands and feet, in the sight of heaven,
And the sun grew pale and refused to shine
When death drew near to the Man Divine.

O Death, that came with the serpent's guile
Through the gates of Eden long ago,
Henceforth we, dying, may dare to smile
Full in thy face, thou relentless foe;
For the Love on the cross that bowed to thee
From the power of Death hath set us free.

Three days in the sepulchre bound he lies!
Tenderly come with your spice and myrrh,
O beautiful women, with tear-dimmed eyes,
Past wan grey olive and deep green fir—
Come where the pure sweet lilies bloom;
Come to the door of the rock-hewn tomb.

"He is not here!" He has left the prison
That had not a fetter to hold him fast:
Life of our life, the Lord hath risen;
The night of our bondage is gone at last,
Sing of the Love that was strong to save;
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

But think, oh! think, on the Easter morn,
Of the price that the Lord to the utmost paid,
When His cry "'Tis finished!" afar was borne,
To the heavenly heights and the hades' shade,
And swift and glad let thy worship be,
O soul of mine, for He died for thee.

He died for thee, and for thee arose,
With the thorn-prints plain on the kingly brow,
For thee He conquered the last of foes,
And the scars of the battle He weareth now,
Oh, sing the Love that was strong to save;
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!
—*Selected.*

THE MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

Charles Crandall was dying, and in the whole town of Allanton, where he was born and bred, there was probably but two persons who mourned his untimely end. Those were his patient, faithful wife, and his physician, Dr. Arnold. Charles Crandall had been a young lawyer of exceptional talent, and had married a beautiful girl with a handsome fortune, but he was led into intemperate habits, and in a few years his wife's fortune was wasted, and they were reduced to poverty.

He was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and yet he did not scruple to steal his wife's watch, and even her wedding ring, to satisfy the cravings of his appetite.

He was only thirty years of age, but now the end had come. Crandall had been wounded in a drunken brawl, and though the wound would have proved a mere trifle to a temperate man, the feverish, poisoned blood of the drunkard made it a fatal injury. For some hours he had been lying in a more conscious condition than usual, apparently thinking deeply.

"So this is the end, Arnold," he said feebly to the doctor, who was bending over him.

Dr. Arnold bent his head in assent.

"Well, it's the best thing for Mary, and little Harry. Pity it wasn't five years ago, before I came to this. Where's Mary?"

"She went out a few minutes ago. She'll be back directly."

The dying man sighed.

"It's been a hard master, Arnold—drink, I mean. I did try to break off; I swear to you I did; but it held me tight. It never gave me time to be sorry for my wife, or myself, or to see where I was going.

Dr. Arnold said, kindly and gravely, "It is useless to look back now, Charles. Think of other things."

"Yes!" cried Mrs. Crandall, who entered at that moment and threw herself on her knees by the bedside, "there is but one thing to think of, my husband. Throw yourself upon the mercy of Him who can save the worst sinner, even at the eleventh hour. Cry unto Him; for you repent; ah, you repent, I know!"

"Repent," he repeated faintly; "I don't know. I can't feel anything much. There's a dark cloud over my mind, and I can't think now. Don't let Harry ever touch a drop, Mary. It's too late for me."

Mrs. Crandall, left a widow, found her situation rather ameliorated after her husband's death. Friends who had kept aloof in disgust at his habits were now willing to assist her, to the extent of educating her son. For herself, she needed no help beyond supplying her with orders for the fancy work by which she had supported her family for some years past. Though she did not acknowledge it to herself, her husband's death was a relief. His life and bad example had been a perpetual menace to the future welfare of their son—that son in whom all the hopes and joy of her life centred.

He grew up handsome, bright, and free from all bad habits. His mother, without laying bare before him his father's wrecked life, had yet inspired him with something of the same horror with which she regarded spirituous liquors. She had no fear that he would ever touch them; but when she discussed the subject with Dr. Arnold, he shook his head.

"Don't be too secure," he said; "and never relax your watchfulness. You are too fond of him to be as firm as you ought; but you are a good, pious woman, Mary, and, if you can make your son a good Christian, you need have no fear. In all my experience as a physician, I have never seen a confirmed inebriate thoroughly reclaimed, nor one with inherited proclivities restrained by anything but religious convictions.

When Harry Crandall left college, Mr. Marston, a friend of his grandfather's, gave him a place in his counting-house. The young man was capable, industrious and honorable, and soon became a favorite with his employer. One Saturday evening he returned home radiant with delight.

"O mother," he cried excitedly, "do you know Mr. Marston has raised my salary, and I'm to get fifty dollars a month? He says next year he expects to raise it again. I'm invited to a dinner party, too, at his house to-morrow; the very first time any clerk in his establishment has ever been thus honored. Are you not delighted?"

His mother smiled lovingly at the bright, handsome face of her son; but a sudden thought struck her.

"Invited to dinner to-morrow," she said. "But you forget, Harry, that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

"No, I don't; but it's a case of necessity, you see. It's just like a king's order, and I'm obliged to obey. You surely wouldn't have me insult my employer, who is advancing my interests in every way, by telling him I couldn't go to a dinner party on Sunday, at his house, because I thought, or you thought, it was a sin? Just like telling him to his face he was all wrong himself. You don't know Mr Marston. He would be furious, and probably dismiss me. We can't afford to do that, mother. You must know it."

Yes, she did know it. But she did know, too, how wrong it was to give a consent to what she considered a desecration of the Sabbath. There are good, pious mothers in the world, who, unfortunately, sometimes in an hour of strong temptation become weak Christians. When Mrs. Crandall, the next day, laid out her son's dress suit, not for church, but for a dinner patry; when she saw him arrayed in it, without further remonstrance—she made the first rift in the armor of right with which her teachings had incased him. A little rift, perhaps, but enough to shatter the whole fabric at the first attack.

There was quite a large party assembled at Mr. Marston's when Harry reached there. They were, most of them, wealthy, fashionable people, whom he had often heard of and seen, but into whose society he had never expected to be thrown. He was, however, too well educated and gentlemanly not to feel at ease among courteous, well-bred people. The young lady whom it fell to his lot to take in to dinner, a Miss Evelyn, was a very beautiful and witty girl, and Harry had often heard of her satirical speeches. He stood somewhat in awe of her at first, but she knew too well how to make herself charming for this feeling to continue.

When wine was passed around with the first course, every glass was filled but Harry's, who refused it. His host was near enough to him to observe the omission, and called out to a servant, "Stephens, you have forgotten Mr. Crandall. Fill his glass."

"Thank you, but I never drink wine, Mr. Marston."

He colored hotly with false shame as he spoke, and saw a half smile on the faces of the guests.

"Pshaw! nonsense!" cried Mr. Marston in his dictatorial manner. "A glass of good sherry never hurt any one but some weak-headed fool who is afraid to trust anything but cold water. But if you prefer it, of course I won't press you."

Harry was ready to sink through the floor in his confusion. He looked up, to see a mocking smile on the beautiful lips of his neighbor.

"Is it possible, Mr. Crandall," she said, laughing, "that you are really one of those temperance fanatics? I've heard a great deal of them, but I never met one before."

"I do not belong to any temperance society;" he said, wincing at the contemptuous tone with which she spoke. He did not add, "I have promised my mother never to touch a drop," for it seemed to him a childish thing to say, as if he were still tied to her apron strings.

Miss Evelyn was an extremely vain young lady, and it struck her at the moment what an excellent joke it would be if she could charm the young teetotaller into drinking a glass of wine. It could do him no harm, and that total abstinence doctrine ought to be put down in good society. So she made herself as entertaining as any beautiful and intelligent girl could be; and after a time turned to him with a brilliant smile: "It is very ungallant of you, Mr. Crandall, to have allowed me to drink several toasts without joining in them. You have forgotten your duty as an escort. But then, to be sure, I am not afraid of a glass of wine, which you are, you know. Now I am going to propose a little toast, just between us. Let us drink to our future friendship, for we are going to be friends, I am sure. No gentleman can refuse such a toast."

Bewildered by her smiles and the tones of her voice, Harry mechanically held out his glass to be filled. He drank it, and in one swift moment he felt a keen pang at having broken his solemn promise to his mother. But then he remembered he had also made a promise to keep the Sabbath holy. She had not pleaded very urgently against his going to this dinner party, and why should she object when circumstances had actually forced him to take a glass of wine? But nothing but his aroused appetite forced him into the second and third glasses he swallowed before leaving the table.

Miss Evelyn watched him with an amused smile, little dreaming that she might better have stabbed him to the heart, than tempted him to this act.

When Harry left Mr. Marston's house that evening, without being actually intoxicated, he felt dizzy, and rather unsteady. He would have liked to get up into his own room, without passing through the sitting room, where he knew his mother would be awaiting him. But that was impossible; so he entered the apartment trying to look and act as usual.

"Had a delightful day, mother," he cried with affected gaiety. "But I'm just dead tired and sleepy, and I'm off to bed. Tell you all about it to-morrow."

But his flushed face and thick speech had told her that which made her fall on her knees, and bury her face in her hands, as her son left the room. The curse was upon her again; and any of you who know how a mother can agonize in prayer for the being dearest to her will not need to be told how Mrs. Crandall spent that night.

I will not follow Harry Crandall in the year which followed. There was repentance, and temporary reformation, but from the first his mother had no hope. She trod again the *via dolorosa* she knew so well of old, but her feet were more sorely wounded, and her strength had failed her with hope. Harry lost his situation, and was gradually drifting into a drunken vagabond, when his mother died suddenly. At least it was sudden at the last, though she had known for months that her days were numbered.

To say that her death was a blow to her son was to say very little. He loved her with all his heart, and that heart was not yet numbed by intemperance. He had always intended making her happy by reforming, and now he could never make her happy again. After the funeral, he returned to the empty house, and, in a passion of remorse and grief, he threw himself into his mother's vacant chair, and laid his face on the table that stood near it. An hour passed, but, weeping and groaning, he kept the same position. He felt that he would go mad if this torture did not cease. Well, a drink would settle his nerves, and take away this terrible ache at his heart. He half rose to go out, when the sudden motion threw to the floor his mother's old Bible, which was at the edge of the table. As he picked it up, a written paper fluttered out. He saw it was his mother's handwriting, and through a mist of tears he read what he knew must have been her last prayer.

"O blessed and merciful Lord, who alone can help my beloved son, stretch forth Thy powerful arm, and raise him from the gulf in which he is drowning. My love, my prayers have not availed to stay his downward course; for I have sinned in the weakness of my great love for him. Bless my death, now so near, to him and let me speak to his soul from the grave as I could never do with my living lips."

The last words of the prayer were blotted out by her tears; but what he read smote the unhappy young man to the soul. He sat motionless for a few minutes, and then, with a half-articulate cry, "Help me, Lord, help me," fell on his knees. That night was spent in wrestling with the fierce temptation of drink, and cries for "help."

Is He, the Merciful, ever deaf to that cry? Does He ever stand aloof from the penitent sinner? I do not say that Harry Crandall found it easy to return to the right path, but, through sore conflicts, he did return. To-day there is no man more respected in the town of A—— than Harry Crandall. He has a fine family, a good, pious wife, and he is as happy as a man can be who remembers past sins, and how, but for the infinite mercy of God, they would have been the means of his losing his soul.
—*Mrs. Marie B. Williams, in the Congregationalist.*

THE PAST IS PAST.

The past is past beyond control:
Leave it and go thy way;
To-morrow gives no pledge to thee;
Thy hope lies in to-day.

Even to-day is not all thine,
Its ending none can tell.
God gives the moments one by one;
Take them and use them well.

A LITTLE GIRL once got into the habit of going to an upper room or loft where apples were stored. As she went from time to time to steal the forbidden fruit, she met with an oil painting that greatly troubled her. The eyes of a large face seemed to follow her in whatever part of the room she went, and they appeared to be saying to her, as she stooped down to take up the apples, "Ah, I see you! it is very naughty. You are sure to be found out." This so annoyed the little culprit from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to the threatening of these two staring eyes; so she produced a small knife, or a pair of scissors, and cut them out. Ah! but there were still the two large holes in place of them, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes, and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but she had not, nor could she, get rid of her conscience. Moreover, the very means she had used for sinning without rebuke only served to discover her guilt; for when what had befallen the painting came to be found out, it led to such enquiries as at last to reveal the whole truth.

JANE AUSTEN, THE SUNBEAM OF STEVENTON PARSONAGE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The story-loving young people, who are familiar through their study of literature at school with the most noted names in English fiction, do not know how much pleasure there is before them if they have not yet read any of Miss Austen's works. Sir Walter Scott delighted in them. Sydney Smith read them over and over. Lord Macaulay did not hesitate to say that he thought Miss Austen approached Shakespeare in her power of describing different characters.

So you must let me persuade you to read "Northanger Abbey," "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Mansfield Park." Perhaps you will like them better for knowing a little beforehand about their author.

Jane Austen was born in 1775 at the parsonage-house of Steventon, in Hampshire, England. Her father was a clergyman. Her mother was a woman of rare talents and worth. Jane had five brothers and an only sister, named Cassandra, whom she loved very dearly.

When only twelve years old Jane amused herself and the family by writing stories and plays, which were acted in costume by the brothers and sisters. Her education, which was thorough, was conducted at home by her parents and older brother. During a part of her childhood the family group was enlivened by the presence of a clever and beautiful cousin, who, although quite young, had passed through some tragical experiences.

This lady was the Countess de Feuillade. An English girl, brought up in Paris, she had married a French nobleman, who perished by the guillotine in the Revolution, his chief offence being his rank. The widowed Countess found a home at Steventon Parsonage, which she brightened by her wit and grace. She taught Jane to speak French as though it had been her native tongue, and in time she became a still nearer relation by marrying, as her second husband, Jane's brother Henry.

The home at Steventon stood in a valley sprinkled with elm-trees and surrounded by meadows. A number of little cottages, each with its tiny garden, were scattered within sight on either side of the road. The parsonage, though large and convenient, was roughly finished inside. But the carriage-drive which led up to the front door through a velvet lawn, the terrace of the finest turf under the southern windows, and above all the hedge-rows, where Jane could find the earliest primroses and hyacinths, or the first bird's nest in the thick growing copse, were outside beauties which made up for the plainness of the interior.

Her first three novels were written before she was twenty-one, but, perhaps fortunately, were laid aside for several years before they appeared in print, because the young author could find no publisher willing to bring them out.

In all her life she never had the luxury of a study or library of her own in which to write. She always sat with the family in the parlor, which was the general living room. She wrote upon her lap on small sheets of paper, which could easily be put away, or, if visitors entered, concealed under a piece of blotting paper. There was a creaking-door in the room, which was left unoiled at Jane's desire, as if anyone was coming it gave her timely warning, and she could hide her paper and pen.

Her books became very popular, and compliments poured in upon her from people in high station, but she remained, her life long, sweet, simple, and unspoiled.

One of her nieces wrote of her thus:

"As a little girl, I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane, and following her whenever I could, in the house and out of it. I remember this by my mother telling me privately that I must not be troublesome to my aunt. Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return. She could make everything amusing to a child. As I grew older, and cousins came to see us, Aunt Jane would tell us the most delightful stories of fairy-land, inventing the tale at the moment, and sometimes continuing it for several days."

Miss Austen was gifted as a letter-writer, and often brightened her letters by lively rhymes suggested by some incident of the day. A Mr. Gell, for example, was married to a Miss Gill, and this odd conjunction was noticed in a droll little jingle:

"At Eastbourne Mr. Gell,
From being perfectly well,
Became dreadfully ill
For love of Miss Gill;
So he said, with some sighs,
'I'm a slave of your il's.
Oh, restore, if you please,
By accepting my se's!'"

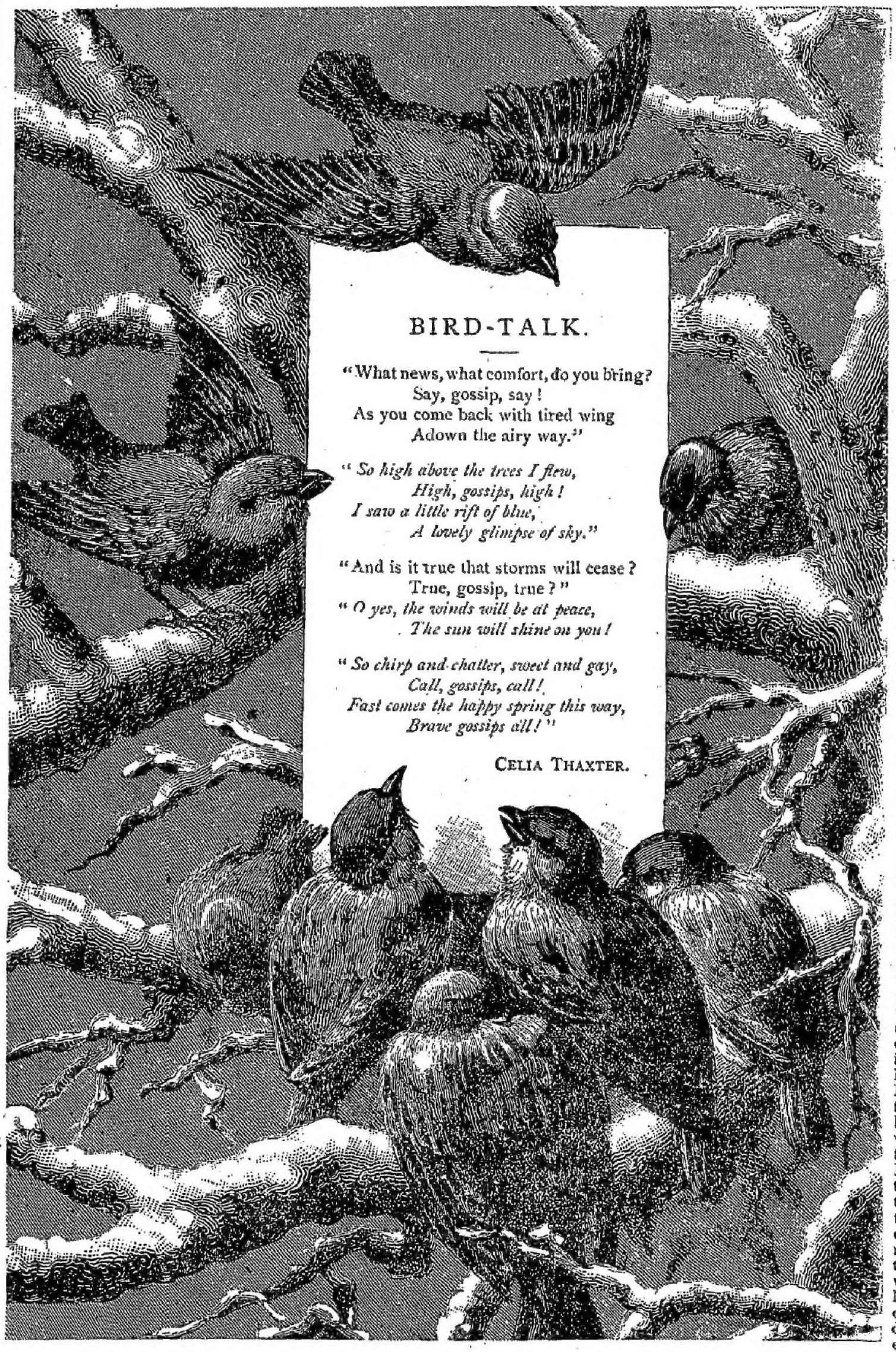
Jane Austen was the sunbeam of the parsonage, because she was very unselfish.

There was but one sofa in the sitting-room, and during her last illness, a slow decline, she would never lie upon it. A young cousin begged to know why she preferred a couch made of two or three chairs, and found that Miss Austen feared lest her mother, who was aged, might resign the sofa in her favor if she appeared to like it.

She was a sincere Christian from her childhood, and though she had much to live for, she was cheerful and patient through the final months of weakness. She died in 1817. Uncomplaining to the end, she thanked everyone who did her any service.

A little while before all was over, a friend asked if she wanted anything.

"Nothing but death," she replied, and soon after she entered into life eternal.



BIRD-TALK.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?
Say, gossip, say!
As you come back with tired wing
Adown the airy way."

"So high above the trees I flew,
High, gossips, high!
I saw a little rift of blue,
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?
True, gossip, true?"
"O yes, the winds will be at peace,
The sun will shine on you!

"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,
Call, gossips, call!
Fast comes the happy spring this way,
Brave gossips all!"

CELIA THAXTER.

MR. "TEN MINUTES."

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said, "That was his great mistake from his baby-hood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

How many have lost not only their lives, but their precious, immortal souls, by this sin of procrastination! When God calls we should promptly obey.

BE LOVING and you will never want for love; be humble and you will never want for guiding.—*D. Mulock Craik.*

A TALK ABOUT GIVING.

"What is the matter with you to-day, Jennie? Something seems to be troubling you," said Mrs. Meredith to a young neighbor, who had run in with her sewing to spend the afternoon.

The usually bright face of the young matron was clouded over, and a heavy sigh, which had just unconsciously escaped her, occasioned Mrs. Meredith's question.

"I am tired of being so poor," she answered, rather impatiently. "It is so hard to have just enough money to live upon, and hardly a cent to spare for anything besides our actual necessities. We never seem to have anything to give to charitable purposes. It seems to me it would be really a luxury to respond freely to all the appeals of charity." And tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

"I always feel that giving is not merely a duty, but a privilege and a luxury as well, my dear," replied Mrs. Meredith, "so I know how badly it must make you feel when you are obliged to let any appeals pass unanswered."

"You remember that poor man who was killed on the railway track last week?" said Jennie, "a subscription has been started for his wife and little children, and this morning the paper was brought to me. I know just how needy the poor woman is, and I would willingly have added my contribution if I had had any money to spare; but I hadn't a cent to give, and it did look so mean in me to refuse. The truth is that we haven't ever got enough to afford to give anything. I manage just as economically as I can, and save in every possible way; and even then we can only just make ends meet."

"Are you sure you can't afford to give anything?" asked Mrs. Meredith quietly. "Have you tried any system of giving?"

"Any system of giving," repeated Jennie in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Meredith? We always give whatever we can spare when there is any call for charity."

"And do you make the necessary expenditures for the table, or for clothing in the same way, just taking whatever may be convenient?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"Oh, no," answered Jennie. "We divide Will's salary up, and make allowance for all our expenses, and then we know just how much we can afford to spend on any one thing."

"Don't you think that charitable appropriations ought to enter into your calculations just as much as any other expenditure!" asked Mrs. Meredith. "I know that giving is often a matter of impulse instead of principle, but I don't think that is the way it should be regarded. Suppose you and your husband had pledged yourselves at the beginning of the year to lay by one-tenth of your income for charitable purposes; then you would always have a fund to draw upon whenever you desired to give."

"A tenth!" exclaimed Jennie. "Why, Mrs. Meredith, that would be eighty dollars a year. We could never spare all that."

"Have you ever tried?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"No, we never tried to put aside any certain portion, but I know we couldn't do it."

"You don't know what you can do until you try, my dear," said her friend. "When we were married, Mr. Meredith's salary was only six hundred dollars a year, two hundred less than you have, you see; and it seemed to us that the whole of that sum would be very little to live on. We resolved, however, to consecrate one-tenth of it entirely to charitable purposes, and every month we laid that one-tenth aside before we used any of the money for anything else. It required very close economy, and perhaps a little pinching now and then; but we always had the luxury of giving at our command, and it was a great pleasure to us to know that we could respond to any appeal for charity that might be made to us."

"But a tenth is so much," objected Jennie. "I don't see how you managed to give it, especially when you had so little anyway."

"We felt that we owed a tenth at least to the Lord," answered Mrs. Meredith, "and it seemed to us to be a debt that could not be set aside."

"The Jewish law about tithes is not any more binding upon us now than any other of those laws, is it?" asked Jennie.

"If we go by the principle that our Lord Himself announced, that to whom much is given, of him much will be required, then we owe a great deal more than the little which was exacted from the Jews," answered her friend. "It seems to me that a tenth is the very least we can give, and after we have given that we cannot feel that we have entirely fulfilled our obligations. I wish you would try a regular system of giving, Jennie dear. Resolve to set aside one-tenth, even if it requires a little more economy and self-denial. You will enjoy giving it all the more on that account, and it will be a great pleasure to you to turn this money into the channels in which it will do the most good. I speak from an experience of twenty years in systematic giving, and I have thought a great deal about it."

"But, Mrs. Meredith, it seems to me that if you feel yourself pledged to lay aside a certain sum, it becomes an arbitrary and exacting thing, instead of a free-will offering. Doesn't it seem very hard to put aside a tenth, and know that it isn't yours to use in any way except for charity?"

"Speaking from my own experience, dear, it has always seemed a precious privilege to lay aside for the Master's use a portion of that which He has given us, and I believe every one else who has tried it will bear the same testimony; and, surely, money put aside systematically and regularly, is just as much of a free-will offering as money that is given on the impulse of the moment. Won't you promise to at least give this plan a fair trial? I am sure you could not be persuaded to give it up after you had once undertaken it."

"I will," promised Jennie, earnestly. "I will talk it over with Will this evening, and I am sure he will be willing to do it. It doesn't seem right, when you think of it, to take care of ourselves first, and then give only what is left to the Lord."

The clock on the mantel chimed the hour, and she looked up in surprise.

"Why, it is five o'clock already, and I must run home, or supper won't be ready. Good-bye. I wish Will could have been here to hear all that you have been telling me, but we will talk it over to-night."

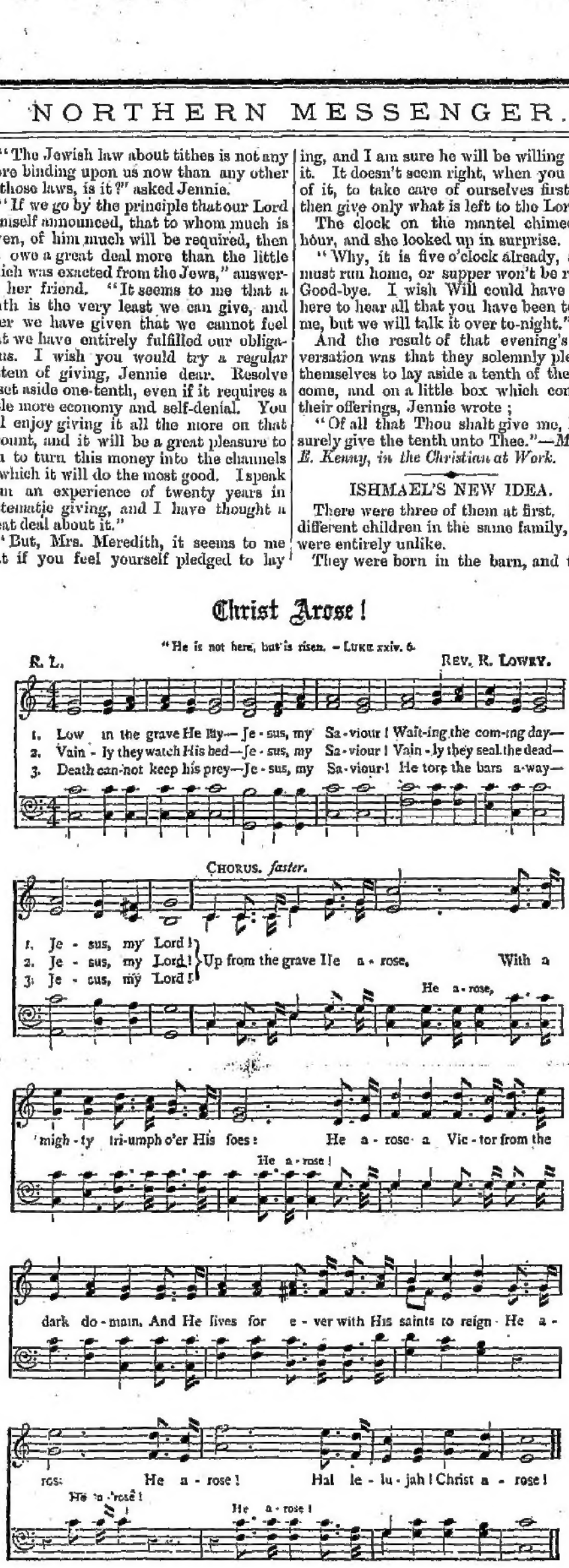
And the result of that evening's conversation was that they solemnly pledged themselves to lay aside a tenth of their income, and on a little box which contains their offerings, Jennie wrote;

"Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."—*Minnie E. Kenny, in the Christian at Work.*

Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen. – Luke xxiv. 6.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sa - viour! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sa - viour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sa - viour! He tore the bars a-way—
Chorus. faster.
1. Je - sus, my Lord!
2. Je - sus, my Lord!
3. Je - sus, my Lord!
Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
He a - rose,
migh - ty tri-umph o'er His foes: He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He a - rose!
dark do - main, And He lives for e - ver with His saints to reign He a -
ros: He a - rose! Hal le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

ISHMAEL'S NEW IDEA.

There were three of them at first. Like different children in the same family, they were entirely unlike.

They were born in the barn, and three handsomer kittens are seldom seen. As soon as they were discovered we tried to give them pleasant accommodations in the wood-house next door to the kitchen. An old basket made a nice cat's cradle—no, a kitten's cradle, with only a little less open-work than you find in the cat's cradle that school-children make on their fingers with a string.

We could get hold of only two of the kittens. One of them kept himself out of sight behind the piles of wood, where he made himself heard at all hours of the day. The other two were easily tamed, and we soon found pleasant homes for them, for the neighbors' children all fell in love with them. But the third kitten was a wild fellow. Whenever approached he would spit and then run away, as if he thought every man's hand was against him. So we called him Ishmael.

By-and-by cold weather came, and Ishmael's fur coat was the admiration of us all. Put down a dish of milk and let his mother begin to lap it, and he would steal up beside her and make a teaspoon of his little red tongue, and the milk would disappear very rapidly. But open the door, and you would see him dashing off for the barn. The tip of his tail would vanish through the cat-hole, and in a moment you would see the tip of his nose peering out just far enough to let him see what was going on.

After a while the cold grew intense. Finally Ishmael would remain on the floor of the wood-house and let us see him take his meals if we did not touch him. His meals were not served exactly on the European plan, though when he was hungry he would always call for them.

One night I went out for an armful of wood, and set my candle down on the floor while I carried the wood in. Quietly opening the door when I came back for my second armful, there stood Ishmael evidently making a study of the candle. The flicker of the blaze seemed to interest him. He smelt at it, but jumped back as his nose came in contact with it. Then he tried to play with it, touching it half carelessly with his velvet paw. What could it mean? Something evidently hurt the little creature, but he had no idea what it was. He wanted to be friendly and shake hands, but the candle did not appreciate his friendly offer. You ought to have seen how puzzled he looked. He had never seen or felt fire before. He had gained a new idea, but it had cost him a blister.

How does a little child gain new ideas? Many new ideas come through the fingers, just as that of heat found its way to Ishmael's brain through one of his paws.

There is a fire that burns with a beautiful flame. It has burning-places all over the world. It is not the Northern Light, that is beautiful, but there is no warmth in it. The fire I speak of is of various colors. Red and its different shades are more common than any other. Men keep it where children can see it and where they can be burned by it as Ishmael was by the candle. Boys and even men sometimes swallow this fire. They do not get off, however, with a little blister like the one you could have seen on Ishmael's paw. They get a wound that reaches to the very heart.

Need I tell you what this fire is? You can see it wherever there is a bar with its brilliant cut-glass bottles and tumblers.

Ishmael's blister taught him a wholesome lesson. He does not play with candle-flames now. You might leave a tallow-dip on the floor, and if the door were open he would at once walk out into the snow by the light of it.

Men who swallow the fire that sparkles in the beautiful bottles often walk out of the house and home into the street, yes, into the snow and rain. I cannot say that Ishmael ever signed the pledge, but I do know that that one small blister taught him not to play with fire.

Dear boy, now reading about the new idea that Ishmael gained, can you not learn to keep away from a fire that would burn all the beauty out of your life by seeing how it has burned others? Must you suffer before you can exercise common sense? You ought to be wiser than Ishmael was. And yet he was no fool, for one blister taught him what some men never learn, though they suffer every day from a fire that they ought to keep away from.—*Child's Paper.*

I CAN LET IT ALONE.

"I can do something you can't," said a boy to his companion; "I can smoke tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply; "I can let tobacco alone."

A Laborer was recently fined for allowing his dog to drink beer, which made the animal savage. The judge thought it was the man's fault for allowing the dog to drink. Why shouldn't a dog have a right to drink beer if it's given him? How can appetite be controlled? This question has been asked: "If that laborer was under obligation to keep his dog from drinking beer and hurting people, ought we to permit men to receive liquor, and injure themselves and their fellow-men?"—*Pansy.*

BARBARA LOVELL'S EASTER.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

From the old town of Ryde a side street turned countryward, dwindled into a lane, and lost itself in meadows bright with butter-cups or desolate with ice-pools, according to the season. Near the lane was a small house of the archaic type seen in ancient story-books, but being without climbing vines, flower-pot, or gay curtain, and only bare with clean poverty, it escaped notice like a way-side boulder. Barbara Lovell, its owner, was a tall, pale woman who for years had worn the same neat garb and sat in the same church pew, silent, civil, not erratic, and there being no mystery about her, she was forgotten by those in whose sight she lived. Barbara had cared for feeble grandparents from her childhood. When they died, twenty years before our story, she found employment in writing for an old lawyer who was getting blind.

One dark afternoon in March, Barbara stood in old Randall's dingy office gazing at his greasy leather chair, at the empty pigeon-holes over his desk, and asking herself, "What next?" For Randall was dead. "I suppose he must have had a soul," she murmured, "but where did he keep it all these years!" She glanced unconsciously at a deep refuse-box, but the old ink bottles, the bits of tape, the envelopes and tobacco, were as ever.

"I must give up work of this kind. I could not stay in a noisy room with men, and the younger lawyers are employed there, anyway."

"I am sorry that, after spending twenty years here in the cobwebs with him, I can't be more sorry he has gone. I wonder if they buried *him* in the red wig. Twenty years and never a word but business except to forbid my cleaning up! Well, as I had nothing to say myself it did not matter."

Turning then to her own desk, Barbara put it in order, thrust a quantity of valueless papers into the rusty stove, lit it with a match, and when they were ashes she started homeward, reflecting, "Yes, it is twenty years since I have really lived; now I will begin. I have provided for my future, if I am economical, and at forty a woman ought to take some comfort."

As she hurried through the twilight her pale blue eyes brightened and a faint color tinged her cheeks in consequence of a new interest in life after long indifference to anything outside "the office."

She unlocked the house-door and lighted her kerosene lamp, which made plain the bare walls, faded carpet, all the colorless cleanliness of the place.

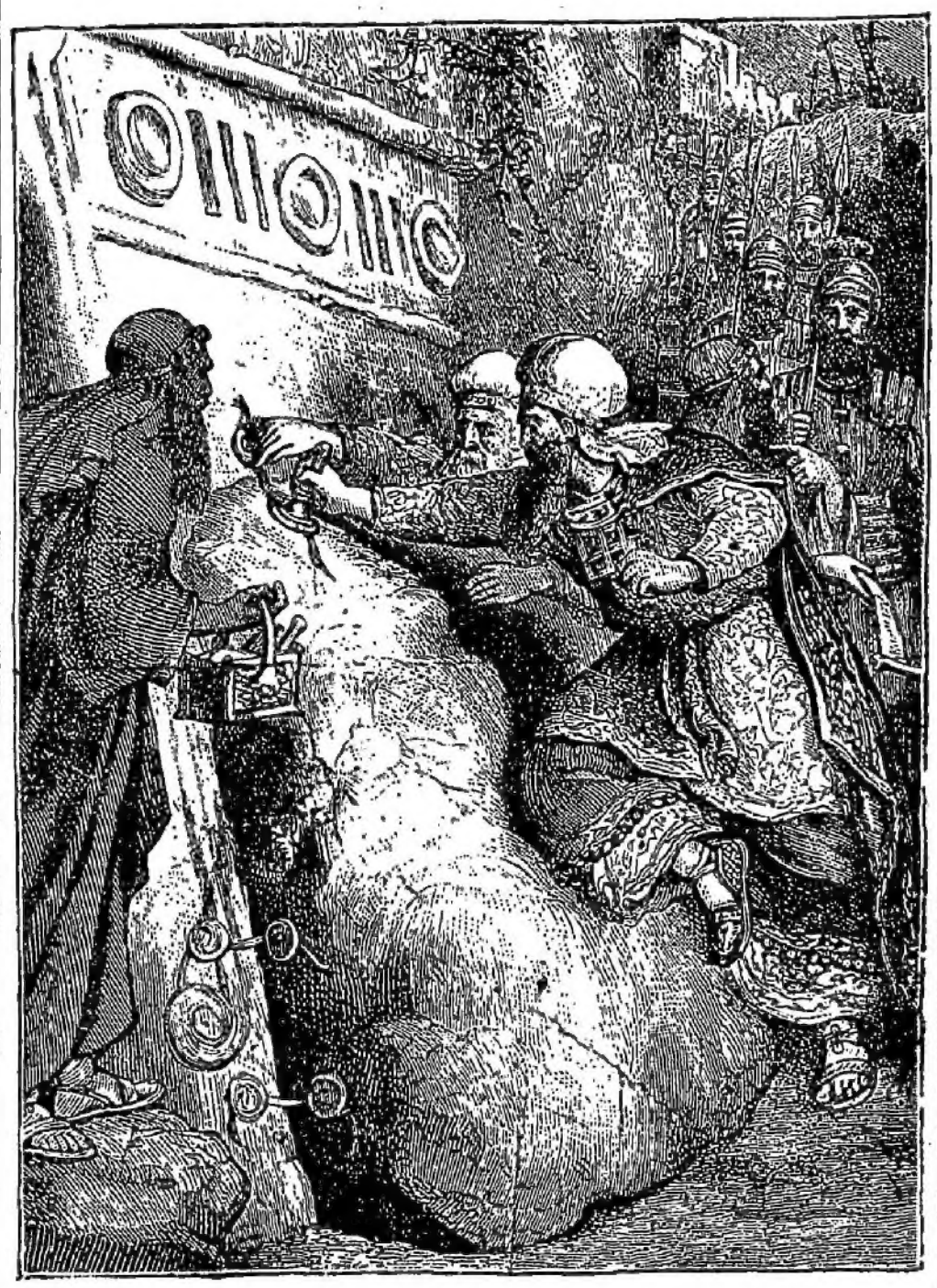
"No, it does not look cosy or like a home, but it can, easily enough. I might cover the lounge with bright chintz and black the stove and put up soft curtains instead of those green paper things. I declare twenty-five dollars would make a mighty sight of difference here, and I'll spend it to-morrow!"

Her excitement increased as she went about making her tea, and all the time that she was eating her supper she planned changes. "See those old stone-china cups and that tin teapot! Why, a few dollars will buy decorated china and a majolica teapot, and two lunch cloths with red borders."

That night the dust of twenty years seemed to be effaced from Barbara's dormant housewifeliness, and throughout the sleepless hours she—in imagination at least—renovated every square inch of her domain, from the lonesome pantry to the chilly "spare bedroom," through the prim parlor out to the windy woodshed. She did not stop there. Barbara felt that she was emerging from a chrysalis. The next day before her cracked mirror she learned that the soft hair screwed back into a tight knob could be loosened to advantage and that her office dress of gray flannel was as ugly as old Randall's snuff-powdered broadcloth. She rummaged about in a tall brass-handled "locker" for an ancient blue sash, tried it against her face, and saw with innocent surprise that she had a certain quaint attractiveness. She laughed outright, thinking, "I am like that apple-tree in the garden that blossomed out one October because it had no chance in the cold spring. Well, I had rather a cold spring."

Under the sash was a packet of letters. Continual contact with legal papers of the driest sort had made Barbara weigh words and had not promoted in her the growth of sentiment. She re-read one of these letters, commencing, "Any court would decide that they were love letters, and very sincerely written as far as the evidence goes. Queer! I must get granny's andirons out and rub them up; an open fire is pleasant. My income would never support me if old Randall had not persuaded me to take that stock. I'll draw out the fifty I left in the bank and buy the new things. Maybe it will take every penny, if I get a nice dress besides, but who has a better right? I earned it hard enough;" and again she glanced at the letters, then tossed them into the drawer.

Twenty-one years previous a quiet, pleasant young fellow came to Ryde to teach a district school. He met Barbara at a picnic and later boarded a month with her grand-parents. He spent his evenings then on the doorstep with Barbara or walking by starlight in the lane. Of course they talked at first very instructively of the heavenly bodies removed from them by infinite spaces, then of matters nearer, until John Marvin looked for stars in Barbara's eyes and she fancied heaven came down to earth. John was penniless. Barbara could not leave the old people, but for a year after he left Ryde they exchanged epistles. Barbara's last letter was never answered. Her grandfather died and then she went to write for the old lawyer.



"SEALING THE STONE AND SETTING THE WATCH."—MATT. 27. 63, 66.

No girl of eighteen ever set out for a shopping expedition with more enthusiasm than Barbara when she took her first holiday. It rained, but that was well; the stores would not be crowded, and weather was of no account. She hastened first to the bank where, until the year before, she had kept all her savings. The teller was a garrulous old fellow who knew her well, and, not being busy, he said, "Barbara, didn't Randall leave you a legacy?"

"Not a penny, Mr. Hewitt."

"Well, he ought to have done it. He must have had eight or ten thousand laid up. Who is his next of kin? This man who is coming here to take his office?"

"I have not heard about that; it may be. He used to say he had a nephew who was a lawyer, but he never mentioned his will."

"Same one, no doubt. By the way, Barbara, you drew considerable money out of the bank some time ago. Any objections to telling what you invested in?"

"Wingate mining stock."

"You didn't!" exclaimed the old man, protesting against the hearing of his ears.

"Yes, I did. Why?" she asked with sudden anxiety.

"Don't you see the papers? They—well—the stock is down, way down."

"Yes, but it will come up."

"I hope so, certainly. You might go and talk to Jeffreys about it; he must know. He and Randall got you into buying, I believe."

Barbara made no reply, only counted her two tens and six fives with a sudden faintness at her heart. She was a little paler when she said "Good morning," and Mr. Hewitt thought to himself, "It will be very hard if she has dropped the savings of her life into that bottomless concern, for she'll never get another penny out."

Barbara sought the broker's office. He admitted that the stock was "down," but he looked into futurity with rosy glasses, and nine out of ten women would have gone away persuaded that their vanished hoard would rise hereafter like a phœnix from its ashes and mount higher than their wildest hopes. Barbara had not served an apprenticeship to old Randall without catching something of a lawyer's insight. She asked a few keen questions and then said bitterly, "We need not palaver over plain facts; my money is gone for ever!"

Turning quickly she let herself out into the sleet and rain, hurried past the shops where she had meant to stop, heeding no one, seeing nothing. When she opened again the door into her own house she stared about half bewildered, for so completely had she—in imagination—refurnished it before going out that it was almost as if the warmth and cosiness of rosy curtains, soft chairs, and bright pictures had disappeared in her absence. The old was doubly old and faded and desolate now; but what mattered it after all? Was she not a part of the age and desolation? There was really nothing left for her but to die. The only good which she had brought out of the dull years spent with Randall's dust-box and cobwebs had been a provision for her later life. That gone, all was gone. There remained no other blind lawyer needing her services and she could not do varieties of work.

She took out her purse and calculated how long fifty dollars would last when a few debts were paid. When it was spent she was a pauper. No, there was the little old house; but nobody wanted to buy it. If only she could lie down in the chilly bedroom under the ancient patchwork coverlet and just die! The town would sell the house and bury her. Now we grant you that all this was morbid for a well woman of forty, but remember how apart from every human sympathy was Barbara, how wearisome her past, how grim her outlook! With truth the poet says,

> "How dull and drear
> Is life without an atmosphere;"

and such a life was this, with no soft glow of daily dawning hopes, no mellow noons of placid enjoyment, no gloaming spent in restful companionship, no more fancies even of a new carpet or a better dress. Barbara was not an unbeliever in spiritual things, but they had not meant over much in that office where seals and attested signatures were for ever uppermost. She did not now pray or read her Bible. She did not even bestir herself to go out and seek new work. It was easiest to sit day after day and brood until her melancholy grew fearfully like insanity. She neglected to take needed food, went no more to church, slept too little, and by-and-by began to ponder on that fatally insidious suggestion of suicide. Time and again she would go to a closet where were some of the old people's clothes and medicines, taking down a vial of laudanum to wonder if age had destroyed its potency.

One day as she was turning it around to the light her sleeve caught a lappet of her grandfather's moth-eaten coat. In freeing herself she discovered three dusty, yellow letters that had slipped between the lining and the broadcloth. Their seals were unbroken, yet it was with strange indifference that Barbara perceived that they were like the rest in the "locker," from John Marvin. Apathetically opening, she understood at once how the feeble old man had received and unwittingly lost them, for before her brief girlhood ended he was almost demented. Each was a protest against her silence, and in the last was a statement that John was going "far West," so that if she refused to answer this letter he must conclude she was weary of him.

With the papers in her lap Barbara sat motionless in the noiseless house, brooding, brooding again on one more thing that had worked for evil in her monotonously hard life.

"What is the use of prolonging it, of waiting to be old, to die by inches, when I am already poor, friendless, hopeless?" she muttered.

A darkest hour comes to every human soul. This was Barbara Lovell's. By-and-by she rose up with a feverish light in her eyes and began ominous preparations. Everything was put in order, the fireless hearth swept clean, and her bed respread with fine old linen. When she had destroyed all letters and family papers, one half-crazy notion occurred to her: she would insert the date of her own death in the great Bible on the parlor table. To have all quite accurate she must needs find the day of the month, for in the last five weeks she had taken no note of time. An almanac always hung on the closet-door, the closet from whose shelf she would presently take down the poison.

March? No, it must be April. Barbara vaguely remembered hearing the birds of late twittering mornings in that October-blossoming apple-tree. Yes, there was new green grass around the well and the odor of spring violets was in the outer air. Other years she had welcomed these last, even carried a bunch down to thrust into

an office ink-bottle; but this spring no melody, no light or perfume, had penetrated her despair.

Yes, it was April by the almanac—and it was Good Friday!

Barbara was not a churchwoman, but a thrill of awe, of fear, went through her with a startling realization of her late moral stupor. Truly death was associated with Good Friday, but whose death? The Saviour of the whole world! Her Saviour, if so be she had any right belief in him. Weakening until her knees failed under her, Barbara sank to the floor, her thoughts turning from herself to that Holy One whose wondrous story seemed, of a sudden, to fill all her memory, the Christ who was a "Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief." The house was as silent as the grave, but borne in to her, as by an audible voice, were the heart-melting words, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray."

"Yes! Yes, Lord Jesus! That is what I have done," wailed Barbara. "I have gone all astray, off into the darkness and almost into the pit. Come after me, O thou Crucified One! Come after my poor lost soul!"

If Barbara had been a Romanist or a mystic, she would later have made much of her own spiritual experiences that day in which she prayed long under the yellow almanac; but all she ever told was, "I got such a blessing that Good Friday never can mean a dark day to me. I presume the sun had been shining those spring days previous, but when I first threw open my doors and windows it did seem as if the world were just made and flooded with a new glory of light. When I was a little used to such a change what do you think I did? I took that Bible, lying open at the 'Death Record,' and I wrote down, 'While we were yet sinners Christ died for us,' and then on the other page, where granny wrote my name forty years before, I wrote 'Born again April 2, 18—.'"

That night Barbara slept like a little child, and on the morrow "began to live" in a sweet, simple fashion, pathetic too, had any known or cared. She studied how to make a "home" without money, how to touch other lives for good, and resolved after Sunday to go out in quest of work. All day her heart sang for joy to remember the coming Easter. She presumed that no one had missed her from church, but the Lord must see her there once more with praises on her lips. It was with a queer worshipful thought that she discarded the old woollen garb that had clad her in those days of despair and adapted from her wardrobe relics a quaintly neat costume.

Next morning she was a little fearful that she was "too fine" when she saw the effect of soft lace about her neck, a fresh ribbon on her bonnet, and a bunch of blue violets in her bosom. To tone down so much splendor she put on her grandmother's quaker-colored shawl, which only brought out a delicate pink in her cheeks. But no vanity found place in Barbara's soul that day, for it was too full of Easter joy, too conscious that

> "The heart that trusts for ever sings
> And feels as light as it had wings,
> A well of peace within it springs,
> Come good or ill.
> What ill to-day, to-morrow, brings,
> It is His will."

That was a rare walk to church, the air full of spring odors, little brown streamlets trickling through the new grass, bluebirds, robins, and budding foliage in the lane. At the door the sexton greeted her, and it was good to be again in her old place. Did the other hearers discover most uncommon beauty in the Scriptures read and unearthly sweetness in the hymns sung? Did they know that the minister had never before talked so lovingly of a risen Saviour? If not, all that was Barbara's great gain.

In the pew just in front of her was a small girl, hunchbacked, with wistful blue eyes continually turning towards the violets in Barbara's dress. When the people stood up to sing the doxology the woman timidly slid them over the crooked shoulders into the child's hand and was thanked with a glance which made her too ready tears start. On her way home she asked herself how ever she had wanted to go out of a world where there were spring flowers, grateful little children, and Easter hymns.

In the week that followed Barbara mortgaged her house to Mr. Hewitt, who offered to lend her a much larger sum than she needed on the easiest terms. She supplied herself with some new comforts and decided to go to raising fruit and vegetables for market. This had been her grandparent's occupation; she understood the business and had ground enough behind her little house.

Seven days passed and Sunday came again. This time the sexton, attracted by something friendly in Barbara's face, said good morning. Just inside the porch was the little girl, who smiled brightly, and with her a thin, middle-aged man.

"That's Lawyer Randall's heir, I suppose you know," whispered the sexton. "He says he taught school here years ago—his name's Marvin."

Barbara hurried into her pew, and out of it later, without seeing anything but the new-comer's coat-collar—rather rusty it was—and his thin, gray-streaked hair. She was not actually excited. Why should she be after twenty years, and the mother of the poor little hunchback somewhere, no doubt? Two days later John Marvin came to see her, and he seemed altogether too old to be the young school teacher, but presently he fused the old John and the young John into a person not unfamiliar. When he had made subsequent calls Barbara was glad that he had numerous gray hairs, considering the years that she herself had spent in the office with the dust-box. This was after he had told her about his early struggles with poverty, and of his wife (now dead), and Barbara herself had yielded up the facts in regard to those mislaid letters.

The spring came in jubilantly. Barbara planned her garden, sowed her seed, and blushed to reflect that John Marvin could not possibly need half the useless information about his departed uncle that he pretended to require. Soon he begged her to take in his little Katie to board, and when she told him that she lived too simply, he replied that Katie had been used to simplicity and he himself was not rich now. That not being exactly to the point, he grew even more explicit in regard to his desires. In May there was a full moon of course, and naturally the lane was just as fragrant and pretty as it had been twenty years before. So, in spite of Barbara's convictions that they were "too old for such doings," John would entice her out there to walk and to talk. Of course a lawyer was too plausible not to gain all he wanted in a case like this, and Barbara finally promised to take in Katie and Katie's father—though not as boarders.

This summer the prim old house blossomed out into a piazza and two bow-windows, beside a mansard roof. Barbara never raised any vegetables for market, but the little hunchback revelled in flowers, and every Easter Barbara filled her hands with violets — only she called them "Heartsease."

WORK FOR LITTLE WORKERS.

A HINT FOR MISSION BANDS.

We are glad to publish this letter, partly because Mr. Ritchie asks us, and partly because it will help answer questions we are constantly receiving as to what children who form the Mission Bands throughout the country can do in the way of practical mission work. Let the letter first speak for itself.

MONTREAL SAILORS' INSTITUTE.
Montreal, 1st Feb., 1888.

EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER.—I received the letter of which the following is a copy on the 21st Nov. last and also six bags containing the articles mentioned, which will be much prized by ocean sailors. Will you please let this appear in your good and useful *Messenger* that as Miss Anning suggests, others may get an incentive to do likewise. We can make good use of a great number. Such bags can be made of any strong material, such as crotonne, linen, &c., and let the articles be of the best quality, as a man at sea cannot go next door to buy a needle if one breaks. For further information apply to

JOHN RITCHIE, Manager,
Sailors' Institute,
Montreal, Que.

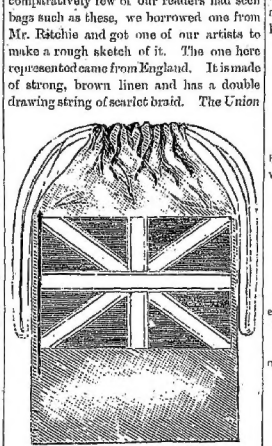
(Papers favorable please copy).

PICTON, Ontario, Nov. 19th, 1887.

MR. RITCHIE, DEAR SIR,—Some time ago I saw an account in the Montreal *Messenger* of two little girls in New York who each year made bags, each containing sundry articles, as thread, thimble, needle book, needles, wax, buttons and a Testament with a letter from themselves. These bags were sent to the Seaman's Home and disposed of at the discretion of the missionary in charge. I wished to take some plan to awaken a deeper interest in others among the little girls of my Sunday school class. This then seemed the most feasible, or at least a feasible way of doing so, and as they readily agreed to it, you have the result before you in the shape of the bags. We designed them more particularly for ocean sailors and would like them so used if possible. The children were interested in the work and I feel sure part of the reward came in the doing. If you would kindly acknowledge the receipt of the bags an also let me know if you think the idea a good one, as we might do the same at another time, you would confer a favor upon, yours sincerely,

EDITH ANNING.

As we thought it more than likely that comparatively few of our readers had seen bags such as these, we borrowed one from Mr. Ritchie and got one of our artists to make a rough sketch of it. The one here represented came from England. It is made of strong, brown linen and has a double drawing string of scarlet braid. The *Union*



Jack is very neatly made with a ground of navy blue cotton and the crosses of scarlet braid edged with narrow pieces of white cotton and the whole stitched with the machine. But this ornament, though making the bag more attractive, is by no means essential. Another bag we examined was made of dark cretonne lined with blue silesia and contained a needle book filled with needles large and small, strong white and black thread, balls of darning yarn, a little bag of buttons, a ball of bees-wax, a lead pencil, large thimble, a dainty little gilt edged Testament with a number of marked passages, and a short note from the little girl who made it wishing the sailor into whose hands it should fall a Merry Merry Christmas, expressing the hope that her Saviour was his Saviour too, and giving her address, asking that whosoever should get it if they felt inclined would write to her that she might have some idea into whose hands her work had fallen and so know that it had been useful to some one.

Mr. Ritchie has ample use for hundreds of these bags and if we know anything of young Missionary Workers many hundreds throughout the country will be glad to know of some one thing which will keep willing young fingers busy and afterwards be of practical use to others.

ED. NORTHERN MESSENGER.

For "Prize Bible Questions" see second page

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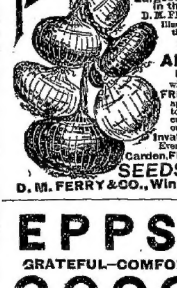

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